

The Adams Sentinel.

A Family Journal—Devoted to Foreign and Domestic News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Science and Art, Amusement, Advertising, &c. &c.

At \$1.75 per annum, strictly in advance;—
\$2.00, if not; \$2.50, if payment is delayed.

ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Advertisements \$1.00 per square for 3 weeks;
25 for each cent.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—Washington.

VOL. LXII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1862.

NO. 20.

Notice to Invalids.

DR. H. BUSHEY, has located himself in
Huntingdon, Adams Co., Pa.; and will
continue to attend to the practice of Medicine,
Surgery and Midwifery in all their various
branches, and would inform the afflicted that
after a number of years' experience, and unpar-
alleled success in Chronic as well as Acute Dis-
eases, such as partial and General Palsy, St.
Vitus' Dance, Consumption of the first and
second stages, Scrofula and King's Evil, Asthma,
Gout, Epileptic Fits, Infantile and
Chronic Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Mercurial and
Syphilitic Affections, Milk or White Legs, Diseases
of the Spine, Deafness, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's
Fire or Rose, Ulcers and Swellings of all
kinds, Dropsy, Constitutional Disorders and
Diseases, originating from a depraved or imper-
fect state of the Blood and Nervous system. All
Diseases of a mixed and complicated character.
Also many affections peculiar to Females, as
Suppression and Irregularity of the Menstrue,
Leucorrhoea or Whites, also a Specific for Puer-
al Sore Throat and Diphtheria. No relief can be
obtained elsewhere. May 22, '61.

Gettysburg English and Classic School.

THE Second Session of the GETTYSBURG
ENGLISH AND CLASSIC SCHOOL, for
Males and Females, will commence on the 11th
of March, 1862, and will continue till the 1st
of July—16 weeks.
TERMS: For English Branches, \$7 00
For English and Classics, \$10 00
As usual, a limited number will be received,
and those who desire to send their children
should make early application. For particulars
address—
Rev. WM. McELWEE, Gettysburg,
Feb. 5, 1862.

Boarding and Day School.

MISS C. SHIELDS BOARDING AND DAY
SCHOOL, opens on Monday, September
2nd, 1861. Terms: For Session of 5 Months,
\$75. Music and Languages extra. For particu-
lars address—
C. SHIELDS,
August 28, '61.

Pure Catawba & Isabella Wine.

MANUFACTURED BY BURKHOLDER &
WILSON, BENDERSVILLE, ADAMS
COUNTY, PA.—We are happy to announce to
the citizens of Adams county that we have
commenced the manufacture of Pure Wine from
the Grape, and this we are now prepared to
supply, to the extent of the demand, and at
a very low price. It has already found its way into the
best Judges. Persons wishing a pure article
can now be supplied at home without the risk
of being imposed upon by an impure article.
For sale by A. D. BIRNBAUM and E. H.
MORRIS, Gettysburg, and J. BIRNBAUM, Peters-
burg, York Springs, Pa.
Jan. 6, 1862.

Notice.

LETTERS of Administration, on the estate of
JACOB HAMM, late of Oxford township,
Adams county, deceased, having been granted
to the undersigned, residing in Heidelberg town-
ship, York county, Pa., hereby gives notice to
all persons knowing themselves indebted to said
estate to make immediate payment, and those
having against the same, to present them prop-
erly authenticated for settlement.
JACOB ARDIT, Admin'r.
Jan. 8.

A New and Beautiful Edition

MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN.
BY JOHN S. HART, LL. D.

12mo., manila, price 50 cents; paper covers,
25 cents. Copies of this book will be sent by
mail on receipt of the price, in postage stamps.
Please address—
J. C. GARRIGUES, Publisher,
118 South Fourth Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.
March 12.

Frames.

GILDED FRAMES!—TYSON BROTHER,
have just received from Philadelphia,
and now offer to the public the largest and
best assortment of Gilded Frames ever
brought to Gettysburg, at astonishing low
prices. Please call and examine them. Ex-
celsior Sky-light Gallery, York street, oppo-
site the Bank, Gettysburg, Pa.
March 12, 1862.

The Great Cause of Human Misery.

JUST published, in a sealed envelope. Price
6 cts.: a lecture by Dr. Calverley, on the
causes and cures of Spermatorrhea, Consumption,
Mental and Physical Debility, Nervousness,
Epilepsy, Impaired Nutrition of the body,
Laziness; Weakness of the limbs and the Back;
Indisposition, and Inequality for Study and
Labor; Dullness of Apprehension; Loss of
Memory; Aversion to Society; Love of Solitude;
Timidity; Self-distrust; Dizziness; Headache;
Affections of the Eyes; Pimples on the Face;
Involuntary Emissions, and Sexual Incontin-
ence; the Consequences of Unlawful Indulgence,
&c. &c.

This admirable Lecture clearly proves
that the above enumerated, often self-inflicted,
evils may be removed without medicine and
without dangerous Surgical operations, and
should be read by every youth and every man
in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any
address, post paid, on the receipt of two post-
age stamps, by addressing—
Dr. CHAS. C. KLINE,
127 Bowery, N. Y. Post Office box 4,586.
April 24.

N. PICKING IS NOW SELLING

OVERCOATS at panic prices.
DRESS COATS at panic prices.
PANTALOONS at panic prices.
VESTS at all kinds of prices.
NOW IS THE TIME—CALL SOON.
Jan. 9.

YOUNG Men's Spring style of Hats and Caps
20 per cent. lower than usual prices at
R. F. McELWEE'S.

Choice Poetry.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Oh, cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me that holy strain
Which soothing me last, as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your loving breast,
For I saw a scene when I went to rest
That I fain would see again.
And smiled as you then did smile, mamma,
And wept as you then did weep;
Then fix on me your loving eyes,
And gaze and gaze till the tears bedry;
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you lull me fast to sleep.
For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on your knee,
Lived in a land where forms divine,
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world was mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,
We nestled under a hough,
When near me a butterfly flitted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew chill with fear, mamma,
And I loudly called for thee.
When a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she throng back the locks of her golden hair,
And she kissed me so sweetly as I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me."

My tears and my fears she beguiled, mamma,
And she led me far away;
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb,
Then passed through its long, long vault of gloom,
Then opened our eyes in a world of bloom,
And sky of cloudless day.

I mingled with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair,
And I saw, as we roved through the region of
bliss.

The spirits that came from the world's wilder-
ness,
And there was the joy no tongue can express,
For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you think of that poor old man, mamma,
Who came and called at our door,
When the night was dark, and the storm was loud,
And his heart was weak and his form was bowed,
And his ragged old hand became his shield,
Free the midnight watch was o'er?

He was in glory too, mamma,
As safe as the best could be;
He needed no arms in that land of light,
For he walked with patriarchs clothed in white,
And no sword there had a crown more bright
Or a cooler robe than his.

Let me go again to that land, mamma,
While slumbering on your knee;
I would live in a land where forms divine,
In the kingdom of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world was mine,
Again that land to see.

Miscellaneous.

Wisdom from the Mouths of Babes.
The Albany correspondent "Boz" of the
Syracuse Courier gives us a little instruc-
tive incident:

The greatest rebuke I ever heard given
for profane swearing, was administered to a
New Yorker, by a little candy boy, at the
Bellevue House, yesterday. As several of
us Syracuseans were in conversation at the
Bellevue, an Albany boy about seven years
came up to vend his candies. His intelli-
gence and remarkable precociousness of
manner attracted our attention, when a
prominent New Yorker came up and said,
"Bab, by—, if you will come home with
me, I'll educate you." The child looked up
in the New Yorker's face with extreme
contempt and replied, "Sir, I would not go
or live with any gentleman who uses pro-
fane language." The cutting rebuke drove
the New Yorker from the room with a
crimson face, when the little christian re-
ceived a profusion of quarters from the
astonished spectators who had heard with
satisfaction the moral rector from the lips
of an innocent child.

Com. Foote some time ago issued
the unobjectionable order to the forces under his
command:

"CAIRO, Dec. 17, 1861.
"General Order, No. 6.—A strict obser-
vance of Sunday, so far as abstaining from
all unnecessary work, and giving officers
and men the opportunity of attending pub-
lic worship on board, will be observed by
all persons connected with the flotilla.

"It is the wish of the Commander-in-
Chief that on Sunday the public worship of
Almighty God may be observed on
board of all the vessels composing the flo-
tilla; and that the respective commanders
will, either themselves, or cause other per-
sons, to pronounce prayers publicly on Sun-
day, when as many of the officers and men
as can be spared from duty may attend the
public worship of Almighty God.

"Profane swearing being forbidden by
the laws for the better government of the
army, all officers and men will strictly ob-
serve this law; and every officer who uses
profane language toward the men in carry-
ing out duty, will be held amenable for such
gross violation of law and order.

"Discipline to be permanent must be
based on moral grounds, and officers must
in themselves show a good example in mor-
als, order, and patriotism, to secure these
qualities in the men.

ANDREW H. FOOTE,
"Flag Officer Commanding United States
Naval Forces on the Western Waters."

SIR JUDGES.—Judge Mattocks, while
on the bench, requested one of the side
judges to scratch his back. After having
it done to his satisfaction, he remarked that
"it was a great comfort to have some one to
scratch one's back when it itched," and
added, "I have often wondered what side
judges were elected for, but at last I have
found out their use."

Some one wants to know whether
the initials, "C. S. A." mean "Can't Stand
Abe."

Too Good to Keep.

An afflicted lady, according to her own
account, had, a year before, during the per-
formance of her toilet, taken into her
throat one of the bristles of her tooth-brush.
This bristle had stuck in the top of the gul-
let, and set up an irritation, which, she was
convinced, was killing her. She had been
from one surgeon of eminence to another,
and everywhere in London and in the
country the faculty had assured her that
she was only the victim of delusion—that
her throat was in a perfectly healthy con-
dition—that the disturbance existed only
in her own imagination. "And so they go
on, the stupid obstinate, perverse, unfeel-
ing creatures," concluded the poor lady,
"saying there is nothing the matter with
me, while I am—dying—dying—dying!"
—Allow me my dear, said the adroit sur-
geon, in reply, "to inspect for myself—
carefully—the state of your throat." The
inspection was made gravely, and at much
length. "My dear Miss—" resumed the
surgeon, when he concluded his exami-
nation, "you are quite right, and Sir Ben-
jamin Bodie and Sir James Clark are
wrong. I can see the head of the bristle
low down, almost out of sight; and if you
will allow me to run home for my in-
struments, I'll forthwith extract it for you."

The adroit man retired, and in a few min-
utes returned to the room, armed with a
very delicate pair of forceps, into the teeth
of which he had inserted a bristle taken
from an ordinary tooth-brush. The rest
can be imagined. The lady threw back
her head; the forceps were introduced in-
to her mouth; a pick—a loud scream and
"twas all over; and the surgeon with a smil-
ing face, was holding up to the light, and
inspecting with lively curiosity, the extrac-
ted bristle. The patient was in raptures
at a result that proved that she was right,
and Sir Benjamin Bodie was wrong. She
immediately recovered her health and spir-
its, and went about everywhere sounding
the praises of "her savior" as she persisted
in calling the dextrous operator. So en-
thusiastic was her gratitude, she offered
him her hand in marriage and her noble
fortune. The fact that the young surgeon
was already married was an insuperable ob-
stacle to this arrangement. But other
proofs of gratitude the lady lavishly shov-
ered upon him. She compelled him to ac-
cept a carriage and horses, a service of plate
and a new house. Unfortunately, the
lucky fellow could not keep his own counsel.
Like Samson with Delilah, he im-
parted the secret of his cunning to the
wife of his bosom; she confided it to
Louise Chariss, her special friend, who
had been her bridesmaid; Louise Chariss
told it under the vows of inviolable secrecy
to six other particular friends; and the six
other friends—base, unworthy girls!—told
it to all the world. Ere long the story
came round to the lady herself. Then
what a storm arose! She was in a trans-
port of fury. It was of no avail for the
surgeon to remind her that he had unques-
tionably raised her from a pitiable condi-
tion to health and happiness. That mat-
tered not. He had tricked, fooled, bam-
boozed her! She would not forgive him,
she would pursue him with undying ven-
geance, she would ruin him! The writer
of these pages is happy to know that the
surgeon here spoken of, whose prosperous
career has been adorned by much genuine
benevolence, though unforgotten, was not
ruined.

In Saratoga County, New York, an
old farmer—an old hunk he was—got
out a warrant, and had four boys taken up
for stealing a lot of good-for-nothing pine-
knobs, which they wanted to use for torches
when they went to spear eels. The boys
induced a lawyer named Botherstone to get
them off if possible. The case was a plain
one, and it was clear that the Justice would
send the boys to jail and fine them for the
property. The lawyer went on to say:

"I want every word of my plea to be
written down by your honor. I demand and
shall put in a plea of *Delonias Asperatus*,
with matter that requires a plea of *Liberum
Tenementum*;" (by this time the squire's
pen dropped); "and I specially demand on
the ground that it insignificantly describes
the *Locusts in quo*, and demand a judgment
of *Respondimus Ouster with a Remitter*."

The old farmer was frightened and said,
"I withdraw the case." The Justice was
confounded, and dismissed it.

The following anecdote, in a letter
from Booneville, Mo., explains in part the
progress of our armies: "These Missouri nig-
gers know a good deal more than white
folks give them credit for, and whether
Missouri goes for the Confederacy or for
the Union, her slaves have learned a lesson
too much to ever make them useful as
slaves. I was struck with the apt reply of
one of a crowd who came from a big house
to the road to see us pass, the other day:
Says I, Boys, are you all for the Union?
"Oh, yes, massa, when you is about we is."

"And when Price comes you is secess, are
you?" "Lord, yes, massa, we's good secess
then. Can't allow de white folks get lead
niggers in dat way." The darkey under-
stood the whole question and the game
played."

"A fine old Irish gentleman" at
Lynn, who did not own a flag, wishing to
celebrate the Union victories, lunged out a
blue shirt and a white one, together "wid
de old woman's red petticoat," saying,
"Be jabbers, I'll have the imblens out any-
how."

The Persians have a saying that
"Ten measures of talk were sent down up-
on the earth, and the women took nine."

Mother Goose's Last.

Flayd and Gid. Pillow were two pretty men:
They kept up their pluck till midnight; but then
Porky spoke Flayd and looks at the sky:
"Up! up! brother Pillow! 's time to fly!
So you go before, while I just take a look
I'll leave, if there's anything loose I can hook!"

Useful to ladies learning to skate.—
Strapping fellows.
NATURAL KNOWLEDGE.—When the rebels
see our Poote they want to leg it.

"REGULAR SNAPPERS."—Uncle Sam's
Mississippi "Turtles."
—Louis Napoleon's latest maxim.—
Maximilian for Mexico.

GREAT REBEL CONUNDRUM.—Why did
Gen. Flayd fail to win glory at the fall of
Donelson?—Because of his Retiring Dis-
position.

A CONGRESSIONAL COX.—Why is the
word "Cox" like Jesse Bright?—Because
it is X spelled.

SEEKING AN ASTYLEM.—A correspon-
dent of a daily paper asks, "are the rebel
leaders mad?—If not mad, they are certain-
ly a little flighty."

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FLIGHTS.—
FLOYD.
—Polite way of impeaching a gentle-
man's veracity.—Sir, you tell a telegram—
Vanity Fair.

The man that laughs is a doctor
without a diploma. His face does more
good in a sick room than a bushel of pow-
der or a gallon of bitter draughts. People
are always glad to see him. Their hands
instinctively go half way out to meet his
grasp while they turn involuntarily from
the clammy touch of the dyspeptic, who
speaks in the groaning key. He laughs
you out of your faults, while you never
know what a pleasant world you are living
in until he points out the sunny streaks on
its pathway.

Profane Swearer Nonplussed.
In Schuylkill county there lives a man
whose addiction to swearing is such that his
manus has become a by-word and a reproach,
but by some internal thermometer, he so
graduates his oaths as to make them ap-
ply to the peculiar case in hand; the strong-
er or milder cause for anger, the strong-
er or milder his adjurations. His
business is that of a gatherer of ashes, which
he collects in small quantities and transports
in an ox cart. Upon a recent occasion,
having by dint of great labor succeeded in
filling the vehicle, he started for the ash-
ery, which stands at the brow of a steep
hill; and it was not until he reached the
door that he noticed, winding its tortuous
course down the long declivity, a line of
white ashes, leaving something short of a
peck in the cart. "The dwellers by the
way-side and they that tarried there" had
assembled in great force, expecting an un-
usual anthral display. Turning, however,
to the crowd, the unfortunate man heaved
a sigh, and simply remarked: "Neighbors,
it's no use; I can't do justice to the subject!"
—Knickerbocker.

Little Folks Talk.—The Toledo Times
says Judge—, in this city, has a little
four-year old boy, who one day, when com-
pany was present, wished a seat at the
table, but who was put off with the remark
that his whiskers were not long enough for
him to sit there. The little chap took a
seat by a stand, where the servant gave him
his dinner. While eating it the house cat
came purring around him, when he said,
"Oh, go off! your whiskers are big enough
to eat at the other table!"

A curious case of domestic trouble
has just transpired in the well-to-do circles
of Chicago. The wife of ex Alderman
Harris, being desirous of procuring a di-
vorce from him, sought a married woman
named Mrs. Bellows, and agreed to pay her
between \$200 and \$400, if she would en-
tice the above Mr. Harris to her room, un-
der circumstances which would enable her,
Mrs. Harris, to procure a divorce. Mrs.
Bellows nominally consented, while Mrs.
Harris paid her \$100 on the bargain. Mr.
Harris went to the room of Mrs. Bellows,
where, as concerted, a friend was concealed,
and Mrs. Bellows slipped a night dress over
her other clothing, preparatory to retiring,
when the door was opened and the intrigu-
ing wife burst into the apartment, to con-
found her erring husband. But two po-
licemen were also present, who immedi-
ately arrested her on charge of conspiracy.

At Dubuque, Iowa, March 2d, a
German butcher bought two quarters of
beef from an Irishman living in the coun-
try. It was agreed, to save time, that the
man and his beef should be weighed to-
gether, and afterwards the weight of the
man deducted. The man was found to
weigh 142 lbs., which was deducted on one
quarter of the beef, and not on the other,
and much was the indignation of the Ger-
man to find he had paid four cents a pound
for an absent Irishman, in endeavoring to
find whom he met with the laugh of the
whole township.

Soon after the fall of R. R. Donelson,
rumors of a disagreement among the Fed-
eral Generals reached us, and it was rumored
that General Grant had applied to be re-
lieved of his command. From our special
despatch from Washington, it seems that
General Halleck has been empowered to
receive the resignation, or deprive the Gen-
eral of his command. What has been his
conduct at Donelson and else-
where we have not heard authoritatively.
His name is inseparably connected with
the great battle on the Cumberland, and he
has furnished a motto likely to become as
historic as any recorded in the annals of
warfare. We sincerely regret his retire-
ment.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Keen Retort.

An old bachelor was rather taken aback
a day or two since as follows:
Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon
seeing a wood cut representing a man kneel-
ing at the feet of a woman,
"Before I would ever kneel to a woman
I would encircle my neck with a rope and
stretch it."

And then turning to a young woman he
inquired—
"Do you not think it would be the best
I could do?"
"It would undoubtedly be the best for
the woman," was the serene reply.

No BLOOD RELATION.—The ever gen-
tle Augustus, journeying through the re-
public of Vermont by stage, some years
since, found himself face to face with an
incredibly charming young lady, arrayed
in deep black:

"You have lost a relation, I fear," cried
the sympathetic Augustus.
"No blood relation," said the lady in
black, speaking cheerfully even as she
wept, "he was only my husband. That's
all."

Augustus mingled his tears with her's
and everything came out all right.

AN INCIDENT AT FORT DONELSON.—A
correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, speak-
ing of the capture of Fort Donelson, says:
Colonel Kinney, of the Fifty-sixth Ohio,
related to me one of those strange and
melancholy incidents which the fortunes of
war sometimes bring to pass. As he was
riding along the breastworks a day or two
after the surrender, and while many of the
dead were still unburied, he observed be-
fore him a private in his own regiment
named Bowman, strolling along. As he
came up, he noticed the latter suddenly
start back, as if transfixed at the sight of a
body before him. Approaching him, the
Colonel asked him what surprised him, and
added that he supposed he would have be-
come accustomed to seeing dead bodies by
this time. Turning to his inquirer, with
an expression on his face such as only a
discovery like this could produce, and point-
ing to the body, he replied, "Colonel!
That is my brother!" His brother had
been a resident of Tennessee, and had joined
the Rebel army, but he had no knowledge
of his whereabouts, or thought of his being
one of the victims of the bloody conflict,
until he thus accidentally stumbled across
his dead body. Procuring a blanket, and
the assistance of some comrades, he wrapped
him in it and buried him on the spot
where he had fallen.

A BRAVE BOY.—A St. Louis corres-
pondent of the World relates the following
incident of the Fort Henry bombardment:
An example of almost superhuman en-
durance, and spirit, as related to me by Dr.
Voorhies, of Missouri, a gentleman far too
intelligent and skillful to be engaged in
such a cause otherwise than in alleviating
its miseries, is as follows:

When at the bombardment of Fort Hen-
ry a young Wisconsin boy, who had by
some means been made a prisoner, had his
arm shattered by a ball from our gunboats,
and was taken to one of the huts, where
Dr. Voorhies attended to him. He had
just bared the bone when an enormous
shell came crashing through the hut. The
little fellow, without moving a muscle,
talked with firmness during the operation
of saving the bone, when another went
plunging close by them. The doctor re-
marked that it was setting too hot for him,
and picked the boy up in his arms and car-
ried him into one of the bomb proofs,
where the operation was completed. The
only answer of the Northerner was, "If
you think this too hot, it will be a good
deal too hot for you by and by." "And,"
says the doctor, "I should like to see that
boy again; he is the bravest little fellow I
ever saw."

A Baltimore correspondent says:—
"The following actually occurred at the
"general delivery" of our post-office. A
genuine Irishman approached the window,
and handling the clerk in attendance a let-
ter, remarked, in the richest brogue:
"Place, Sir, and will you send this let-
ter to brother Tim, who lives two miles be-
yond the Re-lay House?"

"The clerk, taking the letter, replied
that he would send it to the post-office at
that place.

"Sure, Sir, how will brother Tim get
the letter if you send it there? Don't I
tell you that he lives two miles be-yond the
Re-lay House!"

"The clerk smilingly answered that as
there was no post office nearer to him than
the Re-lay House, he would be compelled to
send it there. The Irishman still appeared
to be bothered and dissatisfied; but, after
scratching his noddle a while, a bright idea
seemed to strike him, and approaching the
window with a beaming countenance, says,
"I have it now, Sir! Write on the back
of it Brother Tim will please call at the
Re-lay House and get this letter!"

Joe Robinson enlisted in the 99th
Regiment of New York State Volunteers.
The men were encamped on the island, and
their friends were often visiting them.—
Joe's brother, John, came to see him, and
found Joe very homesick. He begged so
hard for John to get him a furlough that
his brother went to the Colonel and told
him his sister was dead, and he wished
leave for his brother to go home for a few
days. Consent was given; and as they
were leaving the ground one of the men
who heard of Joe's affliction, and wished to
say something, asked him how long his
sister had been dead? Joe said, "About
ten years!" and went on his way rejoicing.

Who Smells Now?

On a stall, in front of Hoxleyton market
(Boston) lately a few live lobsters were ex-
posed for sale. A stranger, unacquainted
with ichthyology, came along; and turning
over the dormant "animals," asked the price,
at the same time raising one of them to a
close proximity with his nose.

"Haw!" said the fellow; "I'll have
you prosecuted, mum—it smells!"
At this instant, the lobster's claw closing
with a "whack," fastened firmly upon the
gentleman's nose!

The old woman placed her arms akimbo,
in triumph, and simply asked the gentle-
man, with a chuckle, "Who smells now,
Mister?"

An incident occurred during the re-
cent sitting of an ecclesiastical body in De-
troit, which we cannot refrain from giving
to our readers, although it partakes rather
more of a profane than a sacred nature. A
worthy member of the body referred to, met
a gentleman on the street, ran forward and
clasped him by the hand, exclaiming in the
full fervor of religious enthusiasm: "Dear
Brother M—, I am truly glad to see
you, how prospers the good cause in your
section?" The gentleman thus addressed,
who happened to be a Cincinnati merchant,
supporting his newly found friend to be a
gentleman to whom he had been introduced
a few days previously on change in Toledo,
promptly replied to the question propound-
ed: "My dear fellow, things down our way
just now are curiously mixed. Whiskey
has the blues, oils are picking up a little,
but the hog market has got its back broke!"

A PRETTY RIDDLE.—A gentleman who
was paying his addresses to a young lady,
at length summoned up courage to ask if
they were agreeable to her, and whether
he might flatter himself with a chance of
ultimate success? The lady replied,
"Stripes," telling the gentleman to trans-
pose the letters so as to form another word,
which was her answer. The reader who
can find out the word need never fear being
nonplussed by a lady. Those who cannot
decipher it must either wait until they over-
come the difficulty or may give up all hopes
of wooing.

Death of Children.—There is a pathos
in the sickness and death of children not
known to other sorrows. So young, so fair,
so beautiful, but so frail and perishable!
They lived but to die. It is so hard to see
them suffer. It is so impossible to relieve
their pains, or even to explain them. They
turn their wistful eyes to us for help, but
they read in our faces only despair. They
moan in their sufferings for relief, but the
balm that can soothe their pangs grows not
on earth. They are gone. The sun eclipsed
in the morning; and dark, dark are the
hours lately so cheery with their merry,
pattering voices, and glad with their artless
ways and laughing sports.

Of little human flowers, death gath-
ers many. He places them upon his bosom,
and he is transformed into something less
terrible than before. We learn to gaze and
suffer not, for he carries in his arms the
sweet blossoms of our early hopes.

If the following description of Mr.
Stark, of Oregon, is not true, we advise him
to sue somebody for libel. If it is true,
and he is a loyal man, contrary to the sus-
picious of some of his fellow Senators, he
ought to sue his face. "He has," says a
correspondent, "a long, evasive countenance;
shiny, sandy hair; narrow forehead, white
eyebrows, colorless, pearly eyes, nearly closed,
which watch furtively, feline; a mouth
whose expression is hidden by mahogany
whiskers and mustaches."

A French gentleman, totally unac-
quainted with the English language, being
introduced to a circle of ladies and gentle-
men at Boston, after the usual compliments
had passed, seated himself beside a beauti-
ful young lady, and being deprived of the
satisfaction of conversing with her (his
countenance, however, expressed the emo-
tions of his heart) he seized her by the hand.
She requested him to be easy, which he mis-
took for the French word *boies* (kiss me),
and began kissing her, to the great mirth
of the whole company. The consequence
was, that the ladies came to the unanimous
determination never to say "be easy" to a
Frenchman.

In the Third Regiment Wisconsin
Volunteers it is a rule that no soldier can
leave the camp without a pass. The chap-
lain one day was distributing tracts;
among others was one headed, "Come, sin-
ners, come!" Soon after the tract was
picked up in camp

One of the Greatest Battles of the War—
The Victory at Pea Ridge.

The forward movement of the army of the Potomac, and Burnside's brilliant victory at Newbern, being near home, have partially diverted attention from the great achievements of Curtis, Sigel, Asboth, Carr, Davis and their companions in arms, in the Northwest of Arkansas. Here was fought, on the seventh and eighth of this month, at the spot known by the homely title of Pea Ridge, one of the greatest battles of the war. Here the men of Iowa, whose unyielding courage was illustrated at Wilson's creek; the men of Ohio and Indiana, whose gallant charges won the day at Somerset; the men of Illinois, who stood unflinchingly in the storm of iron hail at Donelson, and carried the Rebel works at least at the point of the bayonet; and the legal men of Missouri, tried by so many fiery ordeals—met and defeated twice their number of the fierce tribe of traitors that infest the borders of Arkansas, Missouri, Louisiana and Texas, supported by a brigade of brutal Indians. They met and overthrew the Rebels, too, where the choice of ground was open and free to both sides, neither having the advantage of entrenchments. Such a battle and such a victory should not be suffered to go by without the fullest notice.

It will be remembered that Gen. Curtis, moving southward through Missouri, drove Price and his forces into Arkansas, where the latter took refuge in a range of hills in the Northwest of that State, known as the Boston Mountains. Having accomplished his purpose of expelling Price from Missouri, Gen. Curtis took possession of several commanding positions in the neighborhood of Bentonville, posting his forces so as to occupy the country, and yet to have them within reach of easy concentration, in mass, for any emergency. About the 3d of March, he learned from his scouts that Price's army, reinforced by a large body led by McCulloch, and a brigade of Indians under the reeve, Albert Pike, the whole being commanded by the double traitor Earl Van Dorn, with pressing orders from Richmond, were moving forward to attack him. Immediately upon this, Gen. Curtis concentrated his forces, taking position on the banks of a small stream, called Sugar Creek, just south of the now celebrated Pea Ridge. This concentration was not effected without opposition; for while Gen. Sigel was marching to the new camp, his rear guard and wagon train were assailed, on Wednesday, the 5th of March, by an overwhelming force of Rebel cavalry. The heroic Sigel was at the point of greatest danger in person, and, animating his brave Germans by his example, beat back the enemy, after a fight of four hours, in which his men successfully resisted charge after charge of the enemy's cavalry with the rifle and bayonet, and brought his train in triumph into camp. This was the initial fight of a series of combats that have no superiors for able generalship, unyielding endurance, and heroic courage in the annals of warfare.

The next day, Thursday, the 6th of March, but little seems to have been done on either side but to manoeuvre for choice of position. Gen. Curtis was so well posted in front that Van Dorn's movements were all directed towards getting upon his flank and rear, at the same time menacing a front attack. This led to a series of brilliant and hotly-contested actions on Friday, the 7th. The first was between Gen. Sigel's command and a body of the enemy, posted in the brushwood and timber on an adjacent ridge. The woods were swarming with filibusters, Texas Rangers and Indians; but Sigel, as usual, scattered them before his fierce onset.

While this action was pending, a force of Arkansas cavalry appeared in front of the position of Col. Jefferson G. Davis, who were driven back after a short and bloody fight. This as well as the drawing out of Sigel, was but a feint to cover Van Dorn's effort to get to the rear of Curtis' position. To meet this latter movement, Colonel Carr was dispatched with his division to the rear; and there was fought the most obstinate, formidable and bloody combat of the whole series. From nine o'clock in the morning until dark night this single division withstood an incessant storm of shot and shell, and charge after charge of infantry and cavalry; but through it all Carr and his gallant Iowa men stood like a rock-built wall; their guns were captured and retaken by a most gallant charge. And so the fight was continued with wavering success until the ground about their position was thickly strewn with the dead of both friends and foes. Such was Carr's position, that he, like Wellington at Waterloo, prayed that reinforcements or night would come. But the slender force of Curtis was too hardly pressed elsewhere to send reinforcements; and so Carr fought on until relieved by sunset and darkness.

Then came a gloomy night. Curtis, with but twelve thousand effective men, two hundred miles from any support, was beset by from twenty to thirty thousand of the enemy, who in the hard-fought battles of the day, had got in his rear and cut him off. Under these circumstances he was obliged to change his whole line of battle, by which his rear became his front, and, facing north, he confronted the enemy, posted on steep hills, about two miles south of the Missouri line. Then came the decisive struggle. It was all-important to dislodge the enemy from the most commanding of these heights.

Sigel directed all movements to effect this end, and after a series of brilliant charges it was accomplished, and the rout of the enemy, once begun, it soon turned into one universal panic. Thus a succession of fights, in which all the attributes which make officers and armies illustrious were exemplified in the conduct of the National troops, culminated, on Saturday, the 8th of March, in the victory at Pea Ridge.

As we have remarked, no such achievement should pass without the most ample notice and praise. Whether we regard the disparity of numbers—where twelve thousand defeated at least twenty thousand—or the character of the opposing armies, where men, taken from peaceful life, were battling with the reckless and desperate ruffians of the borders, filibusters and Indians, to whom arms and strife are life-long familiars—or the generosity displayed—or the courage, endurance and heroism of our men—this battle is unexampled in the annals of the present war. Unlike that combat of which Napoleon made his memorable remark, this victory upon the hills of Arkansas must be held to be "illustrations for our courage," and a direct studying "splendor upon our arms."



THE ADAMS SENTINEL.

GETTYSBURG:

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1862.

Those of our subscribers who remove on the 1st of April, are requested to give us notice thereof, so that the "Sentinel" can reach them promptly.

The Borough Election.

The Spring election came off on Friday last, and resulted in the election of the entire Union Ticket, as follows:

Union.	Dem.
J. Little (Weav.)	140 J. Brinkerhoff, 121
Wm. Christman,	142 J. Martin, 121
W. C. Stallsmith,	138 J. Henry Uz, 123
David Sweeney,	156 J. Zachariah Myers, 121
Charles A. Boyer,	151 J. Jeff. Myers, 120
J. Aughinbaugh,	144 J. Robert D. Armor, 135
Robert Shenda,	147 W. D. Wattle, 121
John Rump,	157 W. E. Bitt, 119
T. D. Carson,	152 Wm. A. Duncan, 124
John L. Burns,	155 J. Jacob Rummel, 124
John Barrett,	132 J. McDannell, 109

Orphan Asylum Fair at McSherrytown.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, at McSherrytown, have a large number of Orphans to provide for, (money taken from our own county) and the times affecting their Boarding-school, thereby greatly decreasing their revenue, they have found it necessary to resort to some means for their support.

Round-trip tickets will be issued on the Baltimore, York, Gettysburg and Littlestown Railroads at reduced rates. Conveyances will be at the Hanover depot to conduct passengers to the Fair, free of charge. The excursion ticket entitles the bearer to a free entrance to the Fair.

On Tuesday a sumptuous dinner will be served in the large Commencement Hall of the Academy, tickets 50 cents. Each evening of the week (after Tuesday) suppers will be gotten up for 25 cents.

On Saturday evening, May 3d, a concert will be given by distinguished musicians. Attentive hostlers are engaged, and feed provided for horses in the large and comfortable stable adjoining the Fair room.—Every means will be resorted to, to insure visitors a pleasant week. A large number of useful and ornamental articles will be offered for sale.

Mr. Thos. N. WIERNAN, son of Joseph WIERNAN, Esq., of Huntington township, this county, was in the battle at Fort Donelson, and therefore a sharer in the brilliant victory achieved. The Captain, 1st Sergeant, 1st Corporal and 6 privates were killed and 17 wounded in his Company; but he escaped, having only his cartridge box shot away.

Sergeant E. O. ROBINSON, of this county, was on board the Minnesota, during the recent naval engagement at Newport News, and of course participated in the fight so far the Minnesota was concerned.

Adams county is represented in almost every engagement that takes place, and always with credit.

Persons elected Justices of the Peace at the election on Friday should remember that they are required to notify "the Prothonotary within thirty days after the election whether they intend to accept the office to which they have been chosen. No commissions will be issued to any one until this requirement is complied with."

"THE TUB."—Mr. S. Sherry is now here, exhibiting a machine for washing clothes, just brought out, the invention of G. W. TOMLINSON. This machine is said to possess advantages peculiar to itself—such as none other has yet had. Those who have seen the machine in operation say it performs its work in a satisfactory manner—washing rapidly, thereby saving a vast deal of labor, and not injuring the clothes. It is no doubt just "the tub"—saving the clothes, labor, and the women's tempers. There should therefore be a machine in every house. Mr. Sherry has the right for this county, and will endeavor to have it generally introduced. Let the machine have a fair trial.

We understand that Messrs. S. Woir and Z. MYERS were offered a few days ago \$500 cash for their celebrated horse Morgan.

Good for Reading.

The strong hold of Democracy in "Alter Berks," the City of Reading, was taken by the Union forces on Friday last. The Union men elected all the City officers; both the City Constables; and have jurisdiction in both branches of Councils.

The Capture of New Orleans Probable.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—It is asserted as the generally prevalent opinion in Naval and Military circles, that by this time the National banner floats over New Orleans, and that it is believed our mortar fleet attacked the Rebel fort at the Rigolets within two days after the departure from Ship Island of the steamer bringing North the last intelligence from that point.

Whilst Gen. McClellan is pressing on against the enemy, the New York Tribune is violently assailing him from behind. It seems almost a pity that he can't turn, and at point-blank distance, give the Tribune office a shell from one of the heavy mortars he is taking against the traitors in front.—*Prentice.*

Letter to the Editor.

POTOMACVILLE, March 20, 1862.

Friend *Advertiser*—It is with a feeling of the sincerest pleasure that I pen these few lines to you and inform you of the continued happy condition of the "Porter Guards." The 10th arrived here all safe and sound, as true New Yorkers are bound to do wherever they may be ordered; but especially after having experienced upwards of two months of such treatment as we were subjected to in your town. At this point allow me to make a feeble attempt at an expression of the feelings of thankfulness experienced by me towards those at whose hands I have experienced so much kindness and who have always treated me more like an old friend than like the stranger that I was.

Rest assured that wherever it may be my destiny to go, I shall ever bear in grateful remembrance the acts of kindness of the people of Gettysburg in general, and yourself and family in particular. The weather has been tolerably good since our arrival, but to-night it has been raining pretty hard, but has ceased for the present. Notwithstanding Perryville is about as muddy a place as can be found, our camp is on a very fine site, about three quarters of a mile below the town, on a large, dry level, close to the bay. The health of the Regiment is, generally, pretty good, but the sudden change of water to which the men have been subjected has been attended with the usual evil of such change, but the effects of this are gradually disappearing.

With regard to equipments, the 10th is no farther ahead than it was at Gettysburg, though every effort is being made by the Colonel to accomplish this object.

In conclusion accept my best wishes for the welfare of yourself and family, and allow me to subscribe myself

Gratefully yours,

J. A. S.

Co. C, 10th N. Y. Cavalry.

The Latest.

Whilst we have been looking for startling events on the Mississippi and elsewhere, Winchester, Va., was on Sunday the scene of quite a spirited fight, in which the Rebels were well whipped and retreated with disastrous loss. It seems that on Saturday the Rebels appeared near Winchester and a slight skirmish occurred, in which they were driven back by Gen. Shields' force, the General himself being slightly wounded.

It was then thought that the Rebels had returned under the belief that the National forces had retired from Winchester, but yesterday they reappeared in force, having about fifteen thousand troops, under command of Generals Jackson, Smith and Longstreet. The battle raged from half-past ten in the morning until dark. Though our force was but eight thousand, they achieved a glorious victory. The loss on both sides was heavy, but the Rebels suffered most severely. Our loss is put down at one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The Rebels retreated in confusion, strewn the ground with arms thrown away in their flight. We captured two guns and caissons with a large number of prisoners. Our cavalry were in pursuit of the retreating enemy. The Federal forces fought well. This return of the Rebels to the extreme right of our position was evidently an effort to distract operations that are going forward in another direction, but it has completely failed.

At the last account, on Sunday night, at 10 o'clock, the Cavalry was still in pursuit of the retreating Cavalry. Capt. Horner's company, the "Keystone Rangers" was at Winchester, at our last report, and we suppose was in the fight.

Gov. Sprague, and his escort of Rhode Island Cavalry, returned on Sunday from the battle field of Bull Run, with the remains of Col. Slocum and several other officers.

They were found by following the directions of a colored woman, near whose lot they were buried. All of them were interred in graves about sixteen inches deep, with their faces downward. In some of the graves the heads of the bodies were missing. A Georgia Regiment was badly cut up by the Rhode Islanders, and this was their revenge.

One body the woman saw was buried in the woods close by, and she had buried it. On going to the spot the charnel bones were found. Before burying the bodies she saw that they perpetrated every indignity upon them, some of which are too horrible to relate.

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The Keystones Boys.

As the army of the Potomac moves southward—as Burnside presses the east, and our troops in Kentucky and Tennessee begin to strike blows, we must prepare to hear good news from the Keystones Boys. There cannot be an engagement by the army of the Potomac, without engaging from fifty to seventy-five thousand men from Pennsylvania. This fact is not new, but it is patent. Therefore we dare anticipate a new glory for our good old Commonwealth to be reflected in the stern deeds of those of her sons who have gone forth to battle, and, if necessary, to death. These troops are composed of men who are inured to labor and accustomed to danger. They constitute the men from our mountain homes, acquainted with the daring exploits and exciting chances of the chase amid the forests—they embrace in their ranks the patient farmer, who understands only his rights, and quails from no danger when law and justice need vindication and support—while joined to these, are thousands of young mechanics and professional men, who, with their knowledge of the arts of mechanism and the science of logic and detail, go to render our army one of the most sublime collections of physical force and combinations of intellectual capacity that ever marched beneath a banner or were marshaled for a fight. Castilian prowess never equalled it—French chivalry becomes insignificant when compared to it—while there is nothing in history, ancient or modern, that could rival in moral grandeur or combined greatness the armies of our Republic.

—We must wait patiently for results from our Pennsylvania boys. To them has been confided the honor of the State. They are to bear it with them in the fight, while we at home must ever bear in mind, that to us is confided the rare in the future of those who may be made the sufferers in the battles of the present.

A New Vindication of Gen. McClellan.

To silence the gabbling clamors of his enemies, a single note, like the blast of a trumpet, comes up from Newbern. Gen. Burnside's official report increases the value of the victory at Newbern in many respects. Besides the importance of the position, we have captured sixty-four guns, two steamboats and an immense amount of varied stores, which the Rebels thought they had secured behind "impregnable" entrenchments. This is cause of general rejoicing; but it will gladden the hearts of all true patriots to read the undictated words in which he declares: "I have endeavored to carry out the very minute instructions given me by him (General McClellan) before leaving Annapolis, and thus far events have been singularly coincident with his anticipations." This extract has the simple air of an honest declaration, not intended for an oblique purpose.

Gen. McClellan really needs no such support, but the "singular coincidence" will "confound the devices," if it do not "assuage the malice" of his enemies. If he would speak, he could declare other successes to be of his own origination; but he is not only too modest to sound his own praises, but so eager to reach the consummation of his plans as to care little for all partial developments until the great result is achieved.

This is but a glimpse of the great truth which will soon burst upon the world.

Floating Hospitals have been introduced on the waters of the Western river, under the auspices of the Western Sanitary Commission. These boats are fitted up in all respects equal to the best hospitals on shore, and designed for the removal of the sick and wounded, and also to attend the operations of the gun-boat fleets on the same waters. We regard this whole enterprise as one of thoughtful and wise philanthropy. War is terrible, at the best; but such agencies as this lesson, if they cannot remove, its horrors. Let it be remembered, too, that these floating hospitals are under orders, in case of battle, to treat friend and foe alike. What a contrast to that savage weapon of rebellion, which sculps the dying! By so doing, "coals of fire" are heaped upon their heads. The General who thus employs the sword of conquest, and the ministrations of mercy, at one and the same time, is the true "man of the people." He is proving himself to be one of the conservatives of the republic.

The State Department has received advices by the last mail from our Mexican Minister, which disclose a strange state of affairs that will require the strict management on the part of our Government. We are so much engrossed with our domestic troubles that the remarkable drama which is being enacted in our sister Republic has received comparatively little attention.—Further advices are looked for with much anxiety at the State Department; but in any event the nation may rely upon the ability and sagacity of the Secretary of State, who has devoted the closest attention to the Mexican complication, from its inception until the present time.

Flag-Officer Dupont's official despatch announces the gratifying facts that Ft. Marion, Jacksonville and St. Augustine, Florida, are occupied by the forces of the Union.

At the ancient city of St. Augustine, the flag was raised by the citizens themselves, and the Governor of the State has recommended the evacuation of the Rebels of the whole of East Florida. Thus the good work goes bravely on.

The Rebels are everywhere fleeing in a panic. The devil take the hindmost—and the foremost.—*Prentice.*

Let a man turn Rebel, and all other crimes will come easy to him.—*Prentice.*

It seems singular that the fierce flame in the bosoms of some of our charming Rebel women does not set their cotton on fire.—*Prentice.*

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The Cry of Our Dead Soldiery.

The tidings of every battle comes to our ears heralded by the groans of our brave, loyal soldiery, the murdered victims of this lying Rebellion. And every groan of the dying is responded to by cries of agony from parents, wives, sisters, children and friends. The country mourns for Greble, Lyon, Buller, and their brave companions; there is mourning also in many a once happy home for those that shall return no more. They have been but as units in the hundreds reported slain; but they had a name and a chief place in the once smiling family circle. On visiting the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, a few days since, we saw amid the crowd a private soldier with a chubby boy of some twenty months old, tossed up and down in his hands, in that fashion which such urchins seem to love so much. Beside him was a good looking young woman, with a little girl of some five summers clinging to her hand. One of the officers came along just then, and addressed some inquiry to the man. He replied, and then said, with a proud smile on his face, "this is my little soldier; and these," pointing to the woman and little girl, "two mine too." Just then the drum beat the long roll. He passed the boy quickly to the arms of his now sulking mother, kissed the little girl and soon was with his musket in the ranks; the regiment was gone, and the mother and children were left behind. He was but one in the thousand men that left; he was all in that group from which he had parted. And these are the groups that weep when every soldier falls.

Yet some men can talk lightly about rebellion; they can speak smooth words about rebels; they can shrink from wounding their tender sensibilities, while their deadly fire is murdering hundreds of our brave and loyal citizens and filling loyal and loving homes with desolation and gloom.—There is a frequent exhibition of that morbid sentimentalism which weeps over the woes of the criminal, while it chooses to ignore the sufferings and wrongs of the poor victim of his crime.

Would it not chafe the tender of their thoughts could they but see at one glance the thousands of our dead in all those ghastly attitudes in which they lay when the bloody fight was ended? Would not another class of fellows be awakened, could they see gathered around those livid remains all the bereaved and broken-hearted, whose tears flow, and who refuse to be comforted because of the fearful end of those they loved?

Who has thrust all this suffering on a peaceful, happy people? Let the world point out those scenes to the disunion traitors and conspirators, to all the movers, aiders and abettors of this murderous Rebellion, and cry to them, "These are your work." The cry of our slain goes up to heaven against them. It is the voice of blood unrighteously spilled by traitors' hands, and it will not cry in vain. The doom of the criminals draws near. For the sake of those who are yet exposed to the death-dealing blows of traitors, and for the sake of those who wait for tidings of their safety, we trust the work of our conquering forces may be quickly and finally done.

Artillery and the War.

Among the many sagacious assertions of Gen. McClellan concerning the war, not the least so was that it was to be "an artillery war." This was said just after the disaster at Bull Run. A slight retrospect will prove that he was right. The gunboats have been particularly efficacious wherever they could steam, and almost every victory has been so far achieved by artillery, as to make the final bayonet charge irresistible. This is due in part to the improvements in cannon, and partly to the interested nature of the country in which most of the fighting is done.

Our contingent of artillery is much larger than that laid down in books as the proper proportion. Gen. McClellan's army is provided with an unusually large number of field batteries of the best and most improved kind, with which the principal part of his fighting will be done, and well done, too, for his artillery force is particularly well drilled. To meet this superb array of rifled guns, what have the Rebels? That, in spite of these obstacles in their way, they have been able to procure or to make cannon, we are well aware; for, we have taken from them, in the various actions, over five hundred pieces, many of them of the newest and most effective pattern. They cannot supply such losses in time to meet our advance.

This greater preponderance of artillery must gain the day. The Richmond Examiner may eulogize shot-guns, and Jeff. Davis may call out all citizens between ten years and a hundred, if he likes; but without the aid of artillery, numbers will but add to the disorder and make the panic more fatal.

The news from Mexico, received via Havana, is very important. Apparently there is discontent and division among the commanders of the Allied forces. The Government of Juarez has ratified the Convention agreed upon by Gen. Prim and Senor Doblado. The troops of the Allies had set out for Cordova, Orizaba and Tehuacan, as arranged, and everything seemed to indicate that the disputes in question would be settled amicably, and that guarantees would be obtained for the future.—It appears that one of the stipulations made at the Conference between Generals Prim and Doblado was that no more troops should be landed. Under this, some Spanish troops returned to Cuba, and the expected French reinforcements under Gen. Lorencez were to return without landing. The English forces will return via Bermuda to England. Their mules, harness, &c., were sold to the French.

The fiendish spirit of the Rebel army has spared neither friend or foe in Winchester and that section of country, which they evacuated. Private property has been stolen, stables cleared, houses and stores ransacked, and citizens seized. Cases of cruelty are hourly recorded. When the town was evacuated there were but four horses left, and these only old family nags; and yet, as Ashby's Cavalry retreated, they even stole those remaining.

The Rebels have lost seventeen of their Generals by wounds, resignation and suicide during the war. The Union army has lost but two—one was killed in saddle, the other died of sickness produced by wounds.

The News.

Despatches received at St. Louis from Island No. 10 and New Madrid state that the bombardment of the Rebel batteries was continued during the whole of Wednesday by our gun and mortar boats, with marked success. All their guns except one in the upper battery on the Tennessee shore were silenced, and one on the island dismounted. The shells from the mortar boats fell with precision in the Rebel camp and batteries, and numbers of killed and wounded were carried away. From the number of loaded wagons leaving the Tennessee shore it was believed the Rebels were preparing for another strategic retreat.—Gen. Pope is also carrying on his operations successfully at New Madrid. A Rebel gunboat was allowed to approach within fifty yards of a concealed battery and then sunk with a loss of fifteen of her crew. He had previously allowed five Rebel steamers to pass on towards New Madrid, and now has them between his batteries, unable to escape. Over a dozen Rebel vessels and their floating battery are above Gen. Pope's batteries, and will be destroyed or captured.

A despatch to the Chicago Tribune brings our advices from Island No. 10 up to Thursday noon. The bombardment was still progressing. The Rebels have eighty guns in their different forts, and are supposed to have twenty thousand troops on the mainland. Our shells reach all parts of the Island. The vigor of the bombardment may be gathered from the fact that on Monday twelve hundred shot and shell were thrown into the Rebel works.

A citizen of Memphis arrived at St. Louis reports that Governor Harris calls for volunteers meets with no response. But three Rebel regiments are now between Memphis and their force near New Madrid. The railroads at Memphis were being connected for the purpose of sending all the rolling stock toward New Orleans.

Another gentleman who has arrived at Cairo from Memphis confirms the terrible state of affairs there. The Legislature had adjourned sine die, and Gov. Harris had disappeared. The policy of burning the city was still discussed. The imprisonment of men into the Rebel army is at the point of the bayonet. HOLLIS' fleet of gunboats and the floating battery had gone up to Island No. 10. Union men were leaving Memphis, abandoning their property and glad to escape with their lives.

We have advices from Ship Island to the 13th inst., by the arrival of the steam transport Fulton at New York. Nothing of importance had transpired since the date of last previous advices. A reconnaissance to Mississippi City, on the main land, had revealed the fact that a considerable body of Rebel soldiers was collected there. The whole of Commodore Porter's mortar fleet had arrived at the Island.

Gen. Garfield has gained an important victory in East Tennessee. He advanced from Pickett to Pound Gap, at which point five thousand Rebels were entrenched on the summit of the Cumberland mountains. Gen. Garfield led his infantry up the mountain by unexplored paths, while his cavalry advanced along the main road and attacked the enemy in front, drawing them a short distance down the mountain. The infantry then attacked them in the rear and routed them in less than twenty minutes. The Rebel encampments and stores were then burned by our troops. No one was hurt on our side; the rebels lost seven killed.

The news from Fredericksburg, Virginia, on the Rappahannock, is important, and seems to indicate the entire evacuation of that place by the Rebels. The Rebel troops were leaving on Tuesday, and the pier at each end of the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock had been removed preparatory to its destruction. The troops were utterly demoralized and serious mutinies are reported. A resident of Fredericksburg, who has arrived from Richmond, reports that large numbers of Rebel troops are being sent down the York and James rivers to Norfolk. This looks as though an assault was expected in that direction.

Advices from the Tennessee river report that Gen. Beauregard was at Corinth, Mississippi, with about fifteen thousand men. The advance of the Union army under Gen. Grant was at Savannah, on the Tennessee river, only about ten miles from Corinth. Six thousand Tennessees from the vicinity of Savannah have enlisted in the Union army. Our forces have destroyed a bridge on the Memphis and Nashville Railroad.

The United States Senate on Friday confirmed a number of military nominations, including the promotions of Sigel, Pope, Smith, and others, to be Major Generals, and of Colonels Cook, Oglesby, Logan, Fry, and others, who have distinguished themselves in recent actions in the West, to be Brigadier Generals.

Two new Military Departments have been constituted by the Government. The States of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, with expeditionary force under Gen. Sherman, will constitute the Department of the South, under the command of Major General Hunter. The Department of the Gulf will comprise the coast of the Gulf of Mexico west of Pensacola and so much of the Gulf States as may be taken possession of by the forces under Major General Butler.

Government Hospital.

Arlington House, which has for some months been occupied by General Mellowell and King as a hospital, is now to be fitted up as a hospital. It was a year ago the home of General Lee, whose wife was the daughter of Geo. W. P. Curtis, the step-son of Washington, who fitted up the estate. Gen. Lee had many mementos of Pater Patria at Arlington House, when it was his happy home, to which he ever returned with pleasure from the service of his country. Had he kept the oath which he took on receiving his commission and remained true to the flag beneath which he fought in Mexico, receiving a wound at Chaluppepe, he would now have held high rank. But by his treasonable desertion he forfeited his position, and his ancestral estate is

